

AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP

AMERICA'S FIRST *and* GREATEST SUPERNATURAL!

AHG

No. 41-  
MARCH

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

LONG HAVE I  
AWAITED THIS  
MOMENT... WHEN  
ANOTHER **DEATH** SHALL  
SPELL  
REVENGE!

**HOLY SMOKE!**  
THAT THING'S  
GOING TO...  
**KILL HER!**

Can a  
THEATRE  
BE CURSED... BY  
THE GRISLY REMNANTS  
OF AN AGE-OLD HATRED?  
WATCH TRAGEDY STRIKE  
FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN  
... IN THE SPINE-TINGLING  
PAGES OF  
**"HAUNTED  
HAMLET!"**







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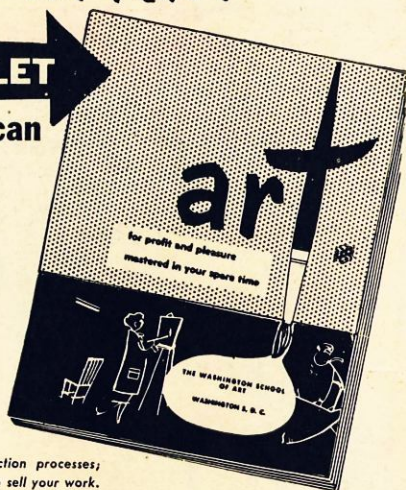
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# HAUNTED HAMLET



MANY ARE THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL TALES WHICH HAVE BEEN KEPT ALIVE DOWN THE CENTURIES BY THE THEATRE! BUT THE MOST GRIPPING OF ALL STORIES IS THAT OF THE THEATRE ITSELF-- THAT EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSION WHICH IS HAUNTED BY LEGENDS OF GRIM EVENTS AND ACTORS LONG SINCE DEAD! HERE'S A WEIRD, PULSE-STOPPING TALE OF ONE OF THE THEATRE'S MOST FANTASTIC PERFORMANCES-- THAT OF...

**"HAUNTED HAMLET"!**

GO BACK, BACK--OR SHE DIES!

THIS MYSTIC SYMBOL-- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP HIM!



IT WAS A HAPPY DAY WHEN TOMMY BEAL, BRILLIANT YOUNG DIRECTOR, BOUGHT A LONG-CLOSED THEATRE--

IT'S ALL YOURS, SON-- AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS-- I'LL NEED IT!



YEARS OF EFFORT AND SACRIFICE HAD BROUGHT TOMMY'S LIFELONG AMBITION CLOSE TO FULFILLMENT! NOW, AS THE ACTUAL WORK BEGAN ON HIS PRODUCTION OF SHAKE-SPEARE'S "HAMLET"--

SURE, I NEED A STAGE DOOR-MAN! YOU'RE HIRED!

THANK YOU! BUT FIRST-- I MUST WARN YOU!



LAUGH IF YOU WISH, BUT THIS THEATRE IS HAUNTED-- BY A FIENDISH SPIRIT!

HUH? TELL ME MORE, TODD-- I CAN USE A LITTLE COMIC RELIEF!



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IN A VOICE  
FRAUGHT  
WITH DREAD,  
THE OLD MAN  
TOLD HIS  
STORY:  
"A HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO,  
THE FIRST  
PLAY GIVEN  
AT THIS  
THEATRE  
WAS  
"HAMLET!"  
AN AM-  
BITIOUS  
YOUNG  
ACTOR  
WAS SCHED-  
ULED TO  
STAR, BUT  
AT THE  
LAST  
MOMENT--"

I'M SORRY, CARTER, BUT  
WE'VE DECIDED YOU'RE  
TOO INEXPERIENCED FOR  
THE ROLE! SO WE'VE  
ENGAGED A FAMOUS  
EUROPEAN ACTOR TO  
TAKE  
YOUR  
PLACE!

B-BUT YOU CAN'T!  
THIS PLAY MEANT--  
EVERYTHING  
TO ME!

"CARTER WAS HEARTBROKEN, AND IN  
A FIT OF DEPRESSION--"

IT-- IS-- DONE! BUT BEFORE I DIE-- I  
RESOLVE-- NO PLAY WILL EVER-- BE  
PERFORMED HERE-- EVEN-- IF I MUST  
-- RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

"THE ANGRY WORDS OF A DYING MAN? PERHAPS!  
BUT HALFWAY THROUGH THE FIRST PERFORMANCE--"

TO BE-- OR  
NOT TO BE--  
THAT IS THE  
QUESTION!--

THE FOOL--  
HE SHALL  
SOON HAVE  
HIS ANSWER!

GREAT  
SCOTT!

THUD!

AS THE STORY ENDED--

"AN ACCIDENT? SO EVERYONE THOUGHT  
--THE FIRST TIME! BUT, THROUGH THE  
YEARS, MORE GRISLY "ACCIDENTS"  
OCCURRED, AND WHEN THE SPECTRE  
FINALLY SHOWED HIMSELF-- THE FRIGHT-  
FUL TRUTH BECAME KNOWN--"

"EVENTUALLY, THE  
THEATRE WAS  
CLOSED--"

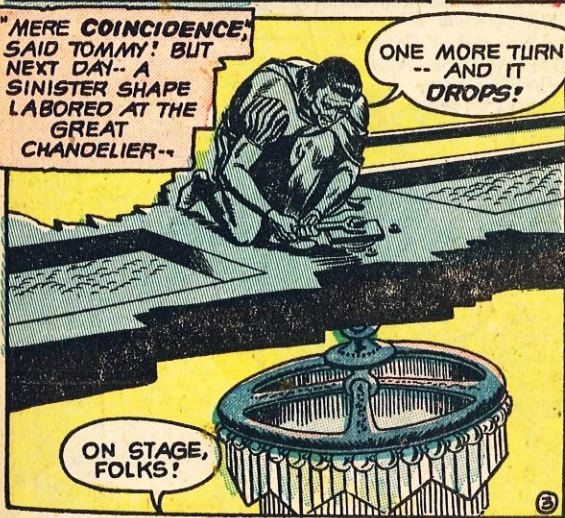
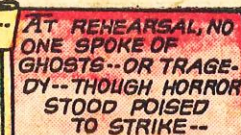
IT'S ABOUT  
TIME-- AFTER  
EIGHT  
MURDERS!

AND NOW-- YOU HAVE  
BOUGHT IT! BUT WITH IT,  
YOU BUY DISASTER!  
FOR THE VENGEFUL  
GHOST STILL HAUNTS  
THE SHADOWS OF  
THIS EVIL HALL!

IT'S THE GHOST OF JULES CARTER--  
I RECOGNIZE HIM!



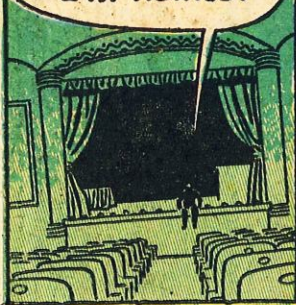






That night, on the darkened stage, a lonely figure brooded--

ONE MORE ACCIDENT AND THE WHOLE CAST WILL QUIT! I CAN'T BLAME 'EM-- BUT IF THEY DO, I'M RUINED!



YOU STARTLED ME, TODD-- WHY ARE YOU STILL HANGING AROUND?



I'VE COME TO TELL YOU SOMETHING-- HOW TO DEFEAT THE GHOST!

YEAH? WELL, LET'S HEAR IT-- I'LL TRY ANYTHING TO CLEAR UP THIS MESS!

FIRST, YOU MUST BARGAIN WITH HIM! LISTEN--



At that moment, Carrie entered the theatre-- to fall prey to lurking horror!

IT'S NOT HEALTHY FOR TOMMY TO HANG AROUND THIS DISMAL PLACE, WORRYING SO! I'LL CHEER HIM UP--



With a sudden lunge--

HA! YOU WILL BE MY NEXT VICTIM!

OH-HH! T-TOMMY! -- HELP!



In the next moment-- as the muffled scream still echoed--

GREAT GUNS-- IT'S THE GHOST! AND HE'S HEADED FOR THE CATWALK-- WITH CARRIE!



HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE, AS A DRAMA OF TERRIFYING REALITY UNFOLDED--

FOOLS-- YOU'RE TOO LATE! SHE MUST DIE!

YE GODS-- IT'S A FIFTY-FOOT DROP!





**Suddenly, OLD TODD'S GNARLED FINGERS TWISTED INTO A MYSTERIOUS SYMBOL--**

**STOP! DON'T HARM HER! SHE IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE THEATRE!**

**TODD--YOU! BUT YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO INTERFERE!**



**Miraculously, CARRIE WAS SPARED-- AND THE GHOST, THWARTED, BEGAN TO VANISH--**

**OH, TOMMY-- IT WAS AWFUL!**

**HMM-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE GHOST WAS SO AFRAID OF TODD-- BUT MAYBE I CAN BARGAIN WITH HIM, TOO-- NOW!**



**WAIT-- I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU!**



**WHAT MUST I DO TO LIFT THIS AWFUL CURSE?**



**FOR AN INSTANT, THE SPECTRAL FIGURE PONDERED-- ITS FEATURES ALMOST HUMAN--**

**YES, WE CAN DO BUSINESS! YOU SEE, I DIED BECAUSE I COULD NOT REALIZE MY GREATEST AMBITION!**



**I WILL LIFT THE CURSE-- IF YOU LET ME PLAY HAMLET!**



**A fantastic PROPOSITION-- BUT THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE ANSWER...**

**DO IT, TOMMY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT MORE BLOOD-SHED!**

**OKAY-- IT'S A DEAL!**

**GOOD! THEN FAREWELL-- UNTIL OPENING NIGHT!**





**NEXT DAY, TOMMY TOLD THE CAST OF THE NIGHT'S AWESOME INCIDENTS--**

IT'LL BE A TERRIFYING BUSINESS FOR US ALL-- BUT WE MUST DO AS THE GHOST SAYS!

GOSH-- AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS ALL A PUBLICITY STUNT!



**Opening NIGHT! THE AUDIENCE WAS GAY, EXPECTANT! BACKSTAGE--**

JUST WAIT! THEY SEE THE LEADING MAN-- THEY'LL BE SCARED OUT OF THEIR WITS!



**THE MOMENTS FLED-- AND AS THE GHOST DID NOT APPEAR--**

LOOK, TOMMY-- I WAS SUPPOSED TO PLAY HAMLET TONIGHT! DO I OR DON'T I?

WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER-- GET INTO YOUR COSTUME!



**Suddenly--**

**NO! I AM READY FOR THE PERFORMANCE!**

UGH!



**STUNNED BY THE GHOST'S APPEARANCE AND POWER-- THE ACTORS FLED IN TERROR--**

C'MON-- LET'S SCRAM!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT-- WE DON'T HAVE A CAST!



**A WEIRD GLOW SUFFUSED THE GRIM VISITOR-- A SEPULCHRAL VOICE ECHOED HOLLOWLY--**

O RULERS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD-- SEE MY PLIGHT-- HELP ME!

HOLY MACKEREL-- WHAT'S HE UP TO?



**FROM THE DARK WORLD THAT IS DEATH'S DOMAIN-- A FEARSOME GROUP TOOK SHAPE--**

IT IS THE ORIGINAL CAST OF HAMLET! THEY RETURN TO PERFORM WITH ME-- TONIGHT!





THIS BEGAN THE MOST FANTASTIC PERFORMANCE IN THEATRICAL HISTORY! BUT AS THE CURTAIN ROSE, CHAOS FILLED THE HALL --

TH- THEY'RE GHOSTS! LEMME OUT OF HERE!



NEVER BEFORE HAD SUCH ACTING BEEN SEEN! THE AUDIENCE FORGOT ITS TERROR-- AND WHEN THE PLAY WAS OVER --



BRAVO!

GREAT!

And AT THE LAST CURTAIN CALL --

BUT-- THE EXITS WERE BLOCKED BY GHOSTLY USHERS -- RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE!

BACK! YOU WILL REMAIN-- UNTIL THE FINAL CURTAIN!



LOOK-- THEY'VE ALL VANISHED-- EXCEPT FOR HAMLET AND THE COSTUMES!

YES-- AND NOW HE'S DISAPPEARING!



When THE MORNING REVIEWS WERE PUBLISHED--

LOOK AT THIS ONE! "ONLY A GENIUS COULD HAVE STAGED THIS PLAY-- TOMMY BEAL IS BROADWAY BOUND!"

THIS IS GREAT! AND YOU KNOW-- OLD TODD HELPED A LOT! LET'S THANK HIM!



BUT-- AT THE STAGE DOOR-- A CHILLING SIGHT--

HOLY SMOKE!

TOMMY! THEY'RE TODD'S BELONGINGS!



NO WONDER HE COULD PUT THE HEX ON CARTER'S GHOST!

YES, CARRIE-- IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW! TODD WAS THE FIRST STAGE DOORMAN OF THIS THEATRE-- A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



The End



# The WEREWOLF

**B**LEARY-EYED AND nearly dead with fatigue, Tim Cochrane huddled deeper into the snow, flexing his hands to keep his trigger finger warm. The only thing between him and the ravening wolves out there in the darkness was his rifle, and a handful of ammunition.

Perhaps he had been a fool to attempt the trip. Didn't he know as well as anybody that 63 trappers had disappeared within the last year, apparently victims of some awful menace stalking the frozen Alaskan wastes?

But *how*, he wondered. Could all have fallen prey to wolves? Impossible, he thought, for there were too many ways in which cunning men could deal with the brute intelligence of animals.

But in the last 36 hours Tim had come face to face with a wolf pack such as he never dreamed existed. His husky team was strong and swift, and for 15 hours had outraced the pursuers. When a wolf got too close, Tim dropped it with a shot. One shot, one carcass, without fail.

Except for a single exception, the huge white wolf leading them.

The first time Tim fired at it he simply thought he missed. But there could be no doubt about the second shot, which also had no effect. So he quickly fired at another, hoping that the rest would stop to devour it and fight among themselves. Such was the way *all* wolves behaved. But not *these*! For in this pack only a few stopped to feed upon a fallen comrade. The rest continued the pursuit relentlessly, as if directed by a human brain.

Tim was alone now, having been forced to abandon his dogs one by one to gain time as his ammunition dwindled. He had only six shots left, and there were more than ten wolves remaining. What rotten luck, he thought, for now he was close enough to a small settlement to reach it on foot in a few hours.

He could see the yellow slits of their cruel eyes gleaming in the darkness, closing in on him slowly. It would all be over soon.

But the waiting gave him precious mo-

ments in which to think. How was it that he was pursued at all, since he had carefully chosen a route which wolves almost never traveled? And what about the other trappers? How was it that *their* routes had been so well known, too? And what about the enormous white wolf, which couldn't be killed? Could the creature be...*supernatural*, a human being who could assume the shape of a wolf at will, in short, a *were-wolf*?

It was a wild gamble, but what did he have to lose? Quickly he pulled a silver dollar out of his pocket and began rubbing it briskly against the head of one of his remaining bullets. He rubbed desperately, knowing that it was his only remaining chance for life. For if werewolves actually existed, then the legends which said that only *silver* could kill one might also be true. And the legends said further that it made no difference how *much* silver penetrated a werewolf's body. Any particle, no matter how small, would cause instantaneous death.

The cruel, yellow slits moved closer. He waited until they were almost upon him, then fired the bullet rubbed with silver straight at the huge white wolf.

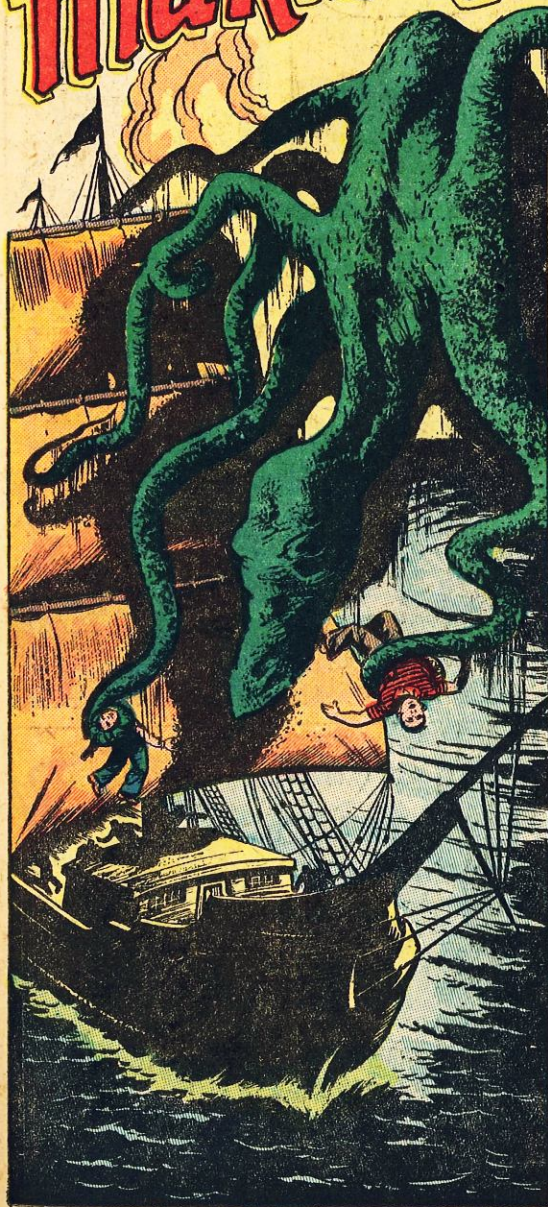
A terrible howl split the frozen air. Before Tim's astonished eyes the creature twisted high into the air, bellowing its death agonies. And when it crashed to the ground, it had become a *man*...whom Tim *recognized*! The other wolves instantly fell upon their fallen leader, tearing at each other for possession of the corpse. Now Tim quickly killed three more, leaving the rest a feast. Then he ran like a man possessed for the settlement scant miles away.

Weeks later, after he had told his story everywhere, those who had said he was mad began to doubt. For Tim had sworn that the white wolf had actually been the supernatural form of the owner of the Trapper's Trading Post, a man who knew all the trappers' movements. And the doubts were caused not only by the fact that the disappearances had stopped abruptly, but because the man was never seen or heard of again.



FOR EIGHTY YEARS, THE WORLD HAS BEEN MYSTIFIED BY THE STRANGE CASE OF THE **MARIE CELESTE**, AN AMERICAN BRIGANTINE FROM WHOSE DECKS AN ENTIRE CREW VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY IN 1872! ONLY RECENTLY HAVE THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE COME ACROSS AN EXPLANATION AS FANTASTIC AS THE CASE ITSELF -- AN EXPLANATION WHICH WE PASS ON TO YOU FOR YOUR OWN JUDGMENT!

# MYSTERY of the MARIE CELESTE



THE **FACTS** OF THE CASE ARE THESE! ON DECEMBER 5<sup>TH</sup>, 1872, THE CREW OF THE BRITISH SHIP **DEI GRATIA**, PLYING BETWEEN THE AZORES AND LISBON, SPIED A VESSEL TACKLING ERRATICALLY ON THE CALM SEA--

IT'S THE AMERICAN SHIP **MARIE CELESTE**! STRANGE-- I CAN'T MAKE OUT ANY CREW MEMBERS ON DECK! I WONDER---



REPEATED HAILS BROUGHT NO RESPONSE-- AND WHEN THE BRITONS BOARDED THE VESSEL --

BLIMEY-- THERE'S NOT A SOUL ABOARD! SHE'S A **GHOST SHIP**!



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE SHIP REVEALED NEITHER SIGNS OF LIFE NOR ANY EXPLANATION TO ACCOUNT FOR ITS ABSENCE--

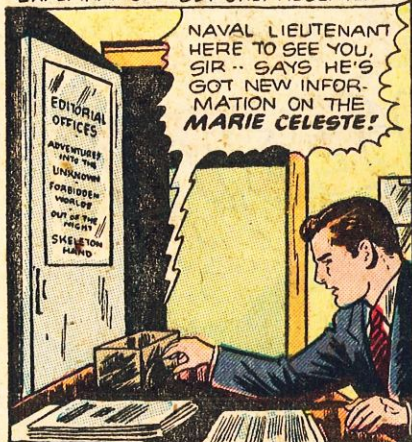
THAT BOTTLE IS UPRIGHT-- WHICH MEANS THERE WAS NO ROUGH WEATHER!

YES, AND THE LATEST ENTRY IN THE LOGBOOK, DATED NOVEMBER 25<sup>TH</sup>, MAKES NO MENTION OF MUTINY OR ANY OTHER TROUBLE! THIS IS THE **MYSTERY OF THE AGE**!





THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT INSTITUTED A WORLD-WIDE INVESTIGATION OF THE MYSTERY -- BUT FOR 80 YEARS, NO ONE WAS ABLE TO OFFER A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION -- BUT ONLY RECENTLY--



NAVAL LIEUTENANT HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR -- SAYS HE'S GOT NEW INFORMATION ON THE **MARIE CELESTE!**

I FOUND THIS BOTTLE IN THE WATERS OFF THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS WHILE MY DESTROYER WAS ON A PATROL RUN, BUT I DIDN'T DARE SHOW THE MANUSCRIPT IN IT TO ANYONE FOR FEAR OF BEING LAUGHED OUT OF THE SERVICE -- BUT I FIGURED THAT **YOU**, AS PUBLISHERS OF SUPERNATURAL MAGAZINES---



OUR POLICY ISN'T TO SCOFF, BUT TO INVESTIGATE ANYTHING PERTAINING TO THE **UNKNOWN!** LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

*I, Alonso Marden, First Mate of the brig Marie Celeste, am in sound mind, and am writing this on Nov 26, 1872, in the hope some day the world will know the true story of the awful fate that befell the crew of this ship. But I will have to hurry, since any minute the thing may come for me...*

"OUR POSITION THIS AFTERNOON WAS ABOUT HALF WAY BETWEEN LISBON AND THE AZORES -- WHEN SUDDENLY WE SAW AN AWFUL SIGHT TO STARBOARD--"

GOOD HEAVENS -- WHAT **IS** THAT, MR MARDEN?

IT-- IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A **SEA-SERPENT!**



"REARING IN A SUDDEN SURGE FROM THE RIPPLING DEPTHS -- A **THING OF SHEER HORROR!**"

IT--IT'S THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP!** I'VE HEARD TALES OF HOW IT RISES FROM THE BOTTOM TO SEIZE HUMAN PREY -- AND NOW IT'S COME FOR **US!**



STEADY, MEN! I'LL STOP IT-- **WHATEVER IT IS!**

**BAM!**



"BUT WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A STRIKING COBRA,  
ONE OF THE MONSTER'S SLIMY TENTACLES DARTED  
OUT-- AND--"

ARRGHH!



IT... IT TOOK THE  
CAP'N-- SWALLOWED  
'IM WHOLE! **RUN--  
BEFORE IT  
GETS US!**

DOWN THE HATCH-  
WAYS, WHERE  
THOSE TENTACLES  
CAN'T REACH US!



**FASTER!** IT-- IT'S GOT  
ARMS LIKE RUBBER--  
THEY KEEP GETTIN'  
LONGER, CHASIN' US  
WHEREVER WE GO!



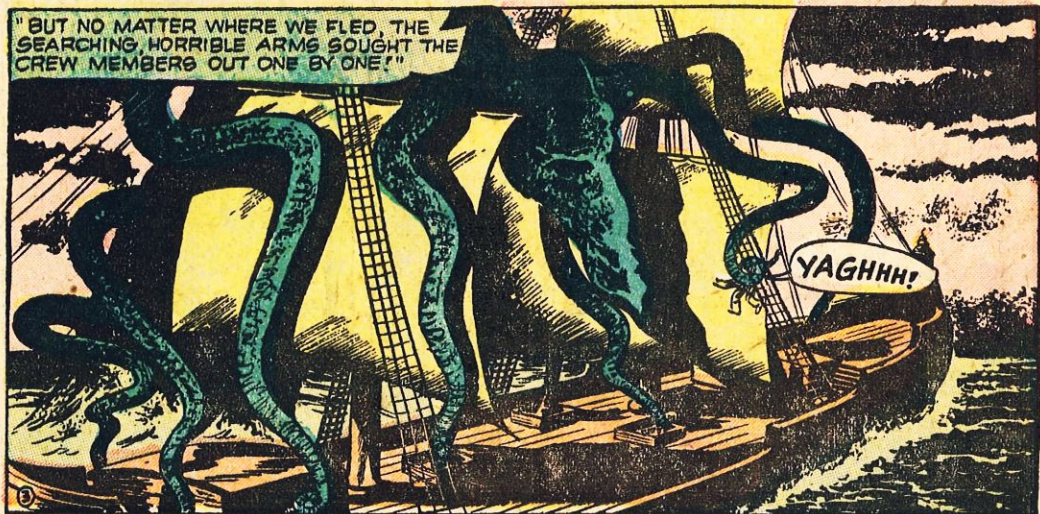
"WE ALL FLED DOWN INTO THE HOLD, BUT EVEN  
THERE THOSE INCREDIBLY ELASTIC TENTACLES  
PURSUED US--"



SCATTER  
TO THE FOUR  
CORNERS OF  
THE SHIP  
AND **HIDE!**  
MAYBE SOME  
OF US WILL  
BE ABLE TO  
ESCAPE!

YIHUU!

"BUT NO MATTER WHERE WE FLED, THE  
SEARCHING, HORRIBLE ARMS SOUGHT THE  
CREW MEMBERS OUT ONE BY ONE!"



YAGHHH!



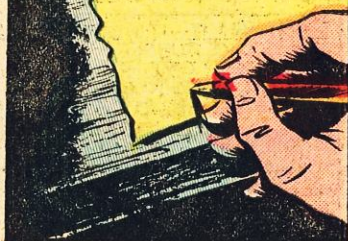
"WITH THE SCREAMS OF MY COMRADES SOUNDING ABOUT ME, I SEIZED UPON A DESPERATE STRATAGEM TO SECURE A FEW MORE MINUTES OF LIFE FOR MYSELF!"

IT'S SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS IN THE HOLDS-- SO I'LL GO **ABOVE** DECKS! IT MAY FIND ME EVENTUALLY-- BUT MAYBE NOT BEFORE I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO WARN THE WORLD ABOUT THIS MONSTER!



THIS COVERED LIFEBOAT WILL GIVE ME SHELTER WHILE I WRITE! I--I'LL PUT THE MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE-- AND PRAY THAT IT'LL BE PICKED UP!

*I'm writing this crouched in the lifeboat, with a shaft of light coming in from an opening in the canvas. The screams have died down by now, so I guess the monster has run out of victims and is now making a thorough search to make sure it's missed no one.*



"...WE OF THE MARIE CELESTE WILL HAVE DIED IN VAIN UNLESS THE WORLD IS WARNED OF THE DEADLY MENACE OF THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP!** IT WILL STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN THROUGH THE YEARS UNLESS--" THE LETTER ENDS RIGHT THERE-- **IN MID-SENTENCE!**

YES, BUT POOR ALONZO MUST HAVE HAD TIME TO THROW HIS BOTTLED LETTER OVERBOARD-- **BEFORE HE DIED!**



HMM, THE EXISTENCE OF THE DEMON **WOULD** EXPLAIN THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES OF THE CREWS OF SUCH SHIPS AS THE **CYCLOPS**, THE **ROSALIE**, THE **ATLANTA**, THE **KOBENHOVEN**-- AND COUNTLESS OTHERS THROUGH THE YEARS! THERE'S NO WAY OF EVER FINDING OUT WHETHER THE STORY IS ACTUALLY TRUE OR NOT-- BUT I'LL HAVE IT PRINTED, AND **LET THE READERS JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES!**



WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER? IS THERE SUCH A MONSTER AS THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP?** AND IF YOU THINK IT **DOES** EXIST, WE HOPE YOU NEVER MEET UP WITH IT!





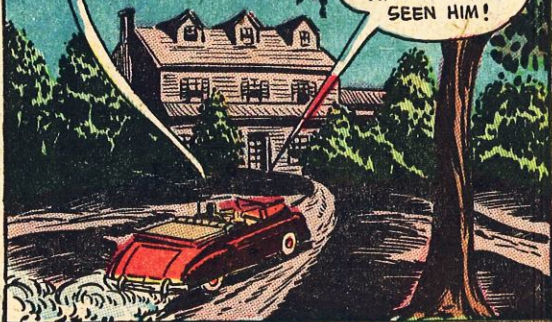
# THE CURSED CRYSTAL

**W**HAT STRANGE, SINISTER SECRET LAY WITHIN THE OLD HOUSE THAT NO ONE EVER VISITED? THE ANSWER WAS BURIED IN THE AWFUL DEPTHS OF THE CURSED CRYSTAL! GAZE INTO IT, READER, AND STEEL YOUR SHRINKING NERVES --- FOR AN ADVENTURE INTO THE GRIM SUPER-NATURAL SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN!

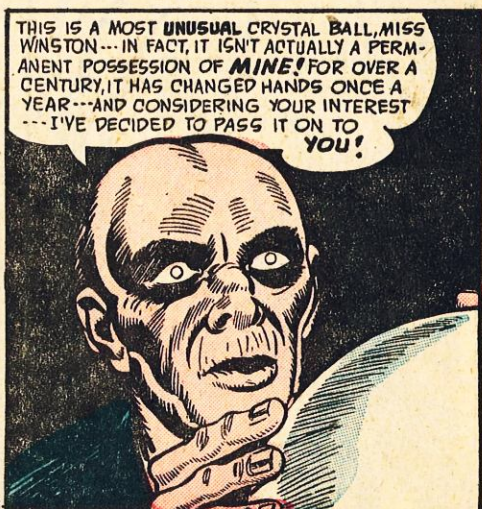


WONDER HOW COME THIS WEEK END INVITATION OF BRADFORD'S, BETTY... AND JUST WHY HE ASKED US TO ARRIVE AT **NIGHT**? HE'S PRACTICALLY A NEIGHBOR OF YOURS... BUT I UNDERSTOOD HE STAYED PRETTY MUCH TO HIMSELF!

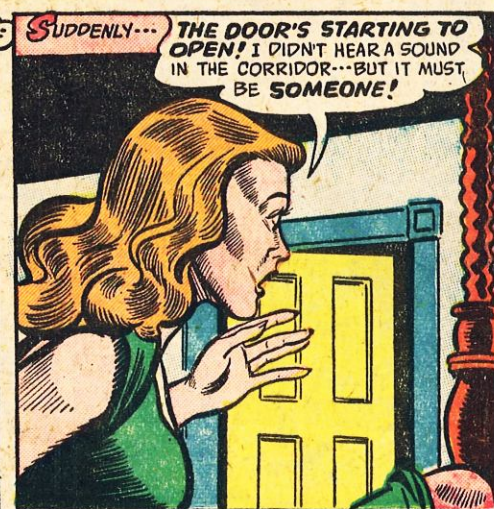
I USED TO MEET BRADFORD IN TOWN NOW AND THEN, STEVE... UP TO A YEAR AGO! SINCE THEN, HE'S BECOME A RECLUSE... I DON'T THINK ANYONE HAS SEEN HIM!



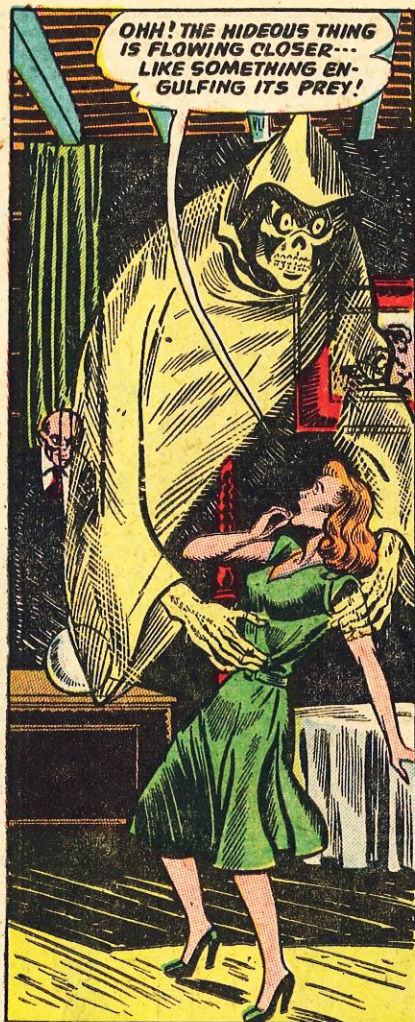












IT WAS **BRADFORD** WHO SUMMONED THE PHANTOM, STEVE! HE HAS GOOD REASON TO KNOW ABOUT THE CRYSTAL BALL... **BECAUSE HE ISN'T HUMAN!**

HOW CAN I BE... WHEN THE CRYSTAL BALL CLAIMED AN SPIRIT? BUT MY **BODY** WILL LIVE FOREVER... **PROVIDED I CAUSE ANOTHER VICTIM TO BE TRAPPED BEFORE MID-NIGHT!**

**GAZE UPON THEM, OH PHANTOM OF THE CRYSTAL! BOTH THEIR SOULS SHALL BE YOURS... FOR I SHALL HOLD THEM HERE UNTIL, BY MIDNIGHT, YOU EMERGE TO CAPTURE THEM!**



YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD US **NEAR** THE CRYSTAL FOR THE PHANTOM TO CAPTURE US, **BRADFORD**... AND I'M GOING TO FIX IT SO THERE **WON'T** BE ANY MORE VICTIMS!

FOR OVER A CENTURY... THE CRYSTAL BALL HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL! DO YOU THINK **YOU** CAN CHECK THE DARK FORCES THAT CONTROL IT?



THERE'S ONE FORCE **YOU** HAVEN'T COUNTED ON... **DEATH!**



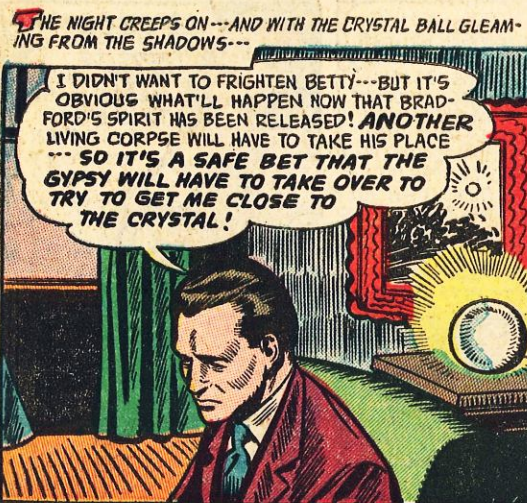
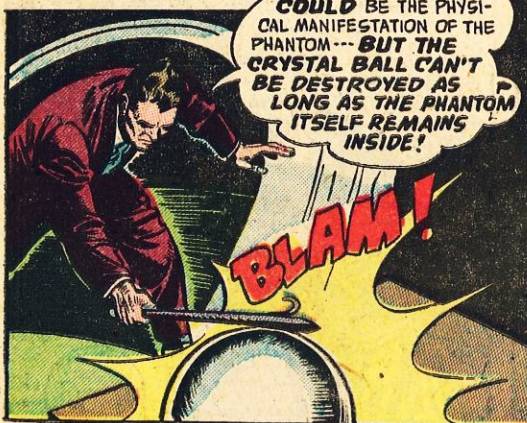
**SECONDS LATER, AT THE FIRST HOLLOW STROKES OF MIDNIGHT...**

**LOOK! WHAT'S THAT COMING OUT OF THE CRYSTAL?**

IT... IT'S **BRADFORD'S** SPIRIT, **BETTY**... THE THING THE PHANTOM HAD STOLEN FROM HIM! IT COULD ONLY RETAIN IT WHILE HIS BODY LIVED!









**CAREFUL, STEVE! THIS IS NO ORDINARY WOMAN, BUT A CREATURE OF UNBOUNDED EVIL...FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!**

I AM GLAD TO FIND YOU AWAITING ME...**ALONE!**

I NEEDN'T ASK WHAT YOU ARE, OR WHY YOU'RE HERE...**BECAUSE THE CRYSTAL BALL IS GLOWING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER AS YOU APPROACH IT!**



IS **THAT** TO BE MARVELED AT...WHEN IT HARBORS MY VERY SOUL? OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, I WAS A CREATURE THAT KEPT MY FELLOW-GYPSIES IN A STATE OF TERROR...**A WITCH!** WHEN I DIED, THEY PLACED THIS CRYSTAL BALL IN MY COFFIN...**KNOWING IT WOULD KEEP MY EVIL SPIRIT TRAPPED FOREVER!**



AND YET IT **WASN'T** A TRAP! YOUR PHANTOM CAN RISE FROM THE CRYSTAL WHENEVER IT SENSES PREY...**AND YOUR LIVING CORPSE IS ABLE TO ROAM AT WILL!**

FOR **THAT** I CAN THANK ONE OF OUR GYPSIES...WHO WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO LOVE ME! WHEN I DIED HE WAS CRAZED BY GRIEF...HE REFUSED TO BELIEVE I WAS A WITCH...AND OPENED MY GRAVE, HOPING TO PROVE MY SPIRIT HAD NOT BEEN IMPRISONED IN THE CRYSTAL!



THE MOMENT MY GRAVE WAS UNCOVERED...**MY BLACK MAGIC WAS SET FREE!** MY LIVING CORPSE GAINED NEW LIFE...AND THE CRYSTAL BALL BECAME MY HAVEN...**THE ONLY HIDING PLACE OF AN EVIL SOUL THAT SUSTAINED ITSELF WITH A NEW VICTIM EVERY YEAR!**

AND THE CRYSTAL'S A **SAFE REFUGE, EH?** CAN'T BE SHATTERED AS LONG AS THE PHANTOM LURKS WITHIN IT, RIGHT?



**F**OR AN INSTANT, STEVE GAZES AT THE BEWITCHING FACE THAT MASKS UNBOUNDED EVIL...AND SUDDENLY...**A PLAN TAKES SHAPE!**

YOU'RE PRETTY TERRIFIC FOR A WITCH...AND THAT'S PROBABLY WHY YOU'VE KEPT YOUR SPIRIT AND YOUR LIVING CORPSE **SEPARATE!** IF THEY EVER CAME TOGETHER, THE RESULT WOULD BE SO HIDEOUS THAT I'D SCREAM OUT OF HERE...**AND YOU'D LOSE A VICTIM!**



NONSENSE...YOU COULD **NEVER** ESCAPE! BUT WHAT NEED HAVE I FOR HORROR...WHEN MY BEAUTY WILL MAKE YOU SURRENDER YOURSELF **WILLINGLY?**

YOU'D BETTER GUESS AGAIN...BECAUSE I'M A LONG WAY FROM SEEING ANYTHING SEDUCTIVE ABOUT A **GHOUL!**

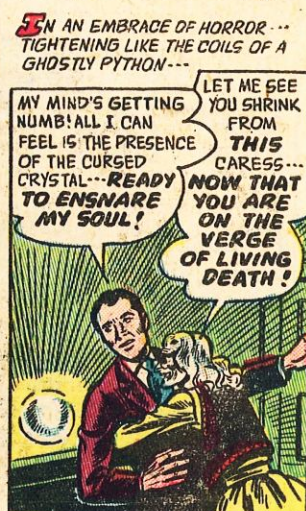
FOOL...YOU HAVE CHOSEN BETWEEN FASCINATION AND HORROR! I WILL SUMMON MY SPIRIT FROM THE CRYSTAL BALL...AND WHEN IT CHANGES MY LIVING CORPSE INTO THE THING IT **SHOULD** BE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS...**YOU WILL BE TOO PARALYZED BY HORROR TO RESIST!**



LET MY FIENDISH SPIRIT RISE FROM ITS HAVEN...AND MERGE WITH THIS BODY THAT DIED A **CENTURY AGO!**









EDITOR



CLOSE THE DOOR against the shrieking wind, reader, and try to drown out the moaning wail of lost souls abroad in the wintry night! And now join the rest of us, gathered about the warm fire, safe from whatever dread phantoms may lurk without! Gaze, gaze into the dancing flames, with their fateful visions of things from out of the Unknown...of ghosts, vampires, werewolves! What better time or setting for this, our latest meeting of the Loyal Fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"?

It's good to meet up with you all again; to know that we're with friends who share with us a fascination for the great and teeming *Supernatural*. As Editors of America's first and greatest magazine of the weird and occult, we can't help but realize our good fortune...namely, that of eaming our livelihood from the thing we love best. It is our sincere hope that our devotion to our hobby has paid off in terms of benefit to you...that is, in the best, most interesting and most exciting supernatural magazine you've ever read! From the beginning, this has been our goal, and the eagerness

with which the reading public has greeted our every issue encourages us in the belief that we're heading in the right direction!

Let's take the current issue, for example. We think you'll get quite a bang out of our lead story, "Haunted Hamlet"... a strange and terror-fraught tale of a haunted theatre and a ghost that couldn't rest! Then, for an amazing and pulse-quickenng exploit into the Unknown, there's "The Mystery of The Marie Celeste". For eerie thrills such as you've never before experienced, "The Cursed Crystal" fills the bill. You'll go all out for "The Ghost's Revenge", a tensely-plotted yarn that packs many a shudder... and you'll find a real spine-tingler in "'True' Zombies of History"!

Please...won't you let us know what you think of this issue...and what you'd like to see in future issues? Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And here's what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

*I think 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is far better than any other magazine of its type, and that your stories are really out of this world! I practically lived 'The Eyes of Doom'. Keep up the wonderful work!*

--Hazel Wilson, Unadilla, Ga."

"Dear Editor:-

*'Adventures Into The Unknown' is tops on my list...nobody could enjoy it more than I! I'll always be a fan of your fine magazine!*

--Buddy Floyd, Marianna, Fla."

"Dear Editor:-

*I guess I've read every comics book going...but never one so great as 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I love stories such as 'Flight of The Dead' and 'The Thing That Lived Again'. Keep up your wonderful record!*

--S. Privette, Baltimore, Md."

"Dear Editor:-

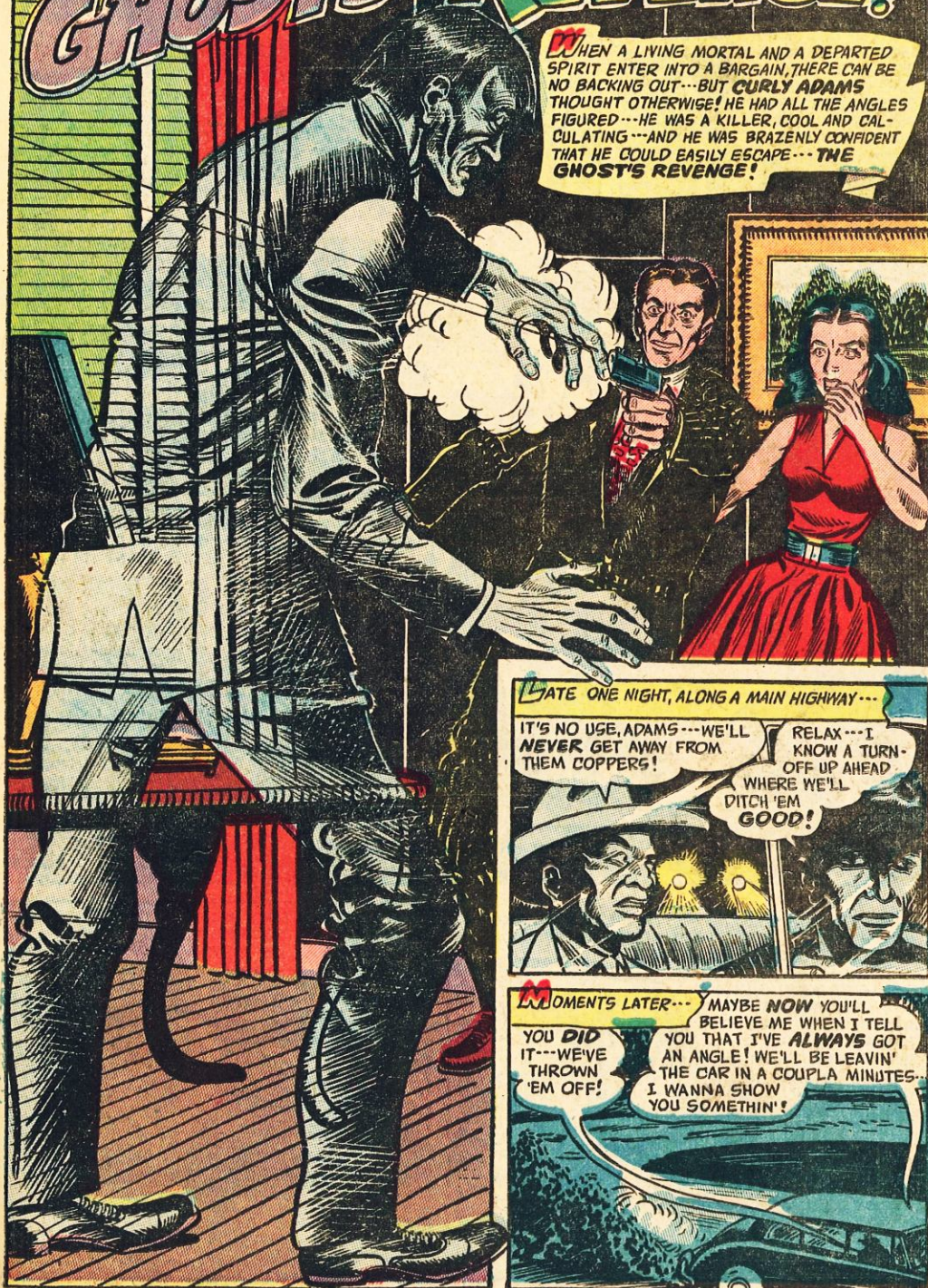
*My friend and I have read your wonderful comic from issue number fifteen up to your latest release, and think that 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the greatest by far! Please...how can we get back issues that we've missed?*

--Patrick Tiernan, Brooklyn, N. Y."



# The GHOST'S REVENGE!

WHEN A LIVING MORTAL AND A DEPARTED SPIRIT ENTER INTO A BARGAIN, THERE CAN BE NO BACKING OUT... BUT **CURLY ADAMS** THOUGHT OTHERWISE! HE HAD ALL THE ANGLES FIGURED... HE WAS A KILLER, COOL AND CALCULATING... AND HE WAS BRAZENLY CONFIDENT THAT HE COULD EASILY ESCAPE... **THE GHOST'S REVENGE!**



LATE ONE NIGHT, ALONG A MAIN HIGHWAY...

IT'S NO USE, ADAMS... WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THEM COPPERGERS!

RELAX... I KNOW A TURN-OFF UP AHEAD WHERE WE'LL DITCH 'EM GOOD!



MOMENTS LATER...

YOU DID IT... WE'VE THROWN 'EM OFF!

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I'VE ALWAYS GOT AN ANGLE! WE'LL BE LEAVIN' THE CAR IN A COUPLA MINUTES... I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHIN'!







THERE IT IS, GAINES... **THE PERFECT HIDE-OUT!** I SPOTTED THIS PLACE ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO AND FIGURED IT WOULD COME IN HANDY IN CASE OF EMERGENCY! WE'LL HOLE UP HERE TILL THINGS COOL OFF!

I---I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, ADAMS! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



N---NO---I'D NEVER MAKE IT ON MY OWN! I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!



YEAH, YOU'RE SMART, ADAMS---I'LL STICK!



TH---THAT SMOKE ---OVER THERE IN THE CORNER!



STEP ASIDE, BUSTER ---WHATEVER IT IS, I'M GONNA BLAST IT!



PUT ASIDE YOUR GUN... IT IS USELESS AGAINST ME! BESIDES, I COME NOT TO HARM YOU---BUT TO ASK A FAVOR! GRANT IT... AND YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED!



DON'T DO IT, ADAMS! IT'S SOME KIND OF---

SHUT UP, AND LET THE CREEP TALK! I'M ALWAYS READY TO LISTEN TO A PROPOSITION ---AS LONG AS THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT FOR CURLY ADAMS!



MY NAME IS **ORVILLE WILKES**! SIX YEARS AGO I WAS **MURDERED** IN THIS HOUSE, POISONED BY MY WIFE FOR MY INSURANCE MONEY! FOR SIX LONG YEARS MY SPIRIT HAS WANDERED RESTLESSLY, WHILE SHE LIVES ON---ENJOYING HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS! UNTIL SHE **PAYS** FOR HER CRIME. I CAN NEVER FIND ETERNAL PEACE!



SHE MUST'VE BEEN PLENTY SMART TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER!

YES, SHE WAS CLEVER---AND EXTREMELY PATIENT! SHE POISONED ME SO SLOWLY THAT EVEN THE DOCTORS WERE MISLED! SHE EVEN FOOLED ME, BUT AT THE VERY END I DISCOVERED HER TREACHERY!



IN MY PRESENT FORM, I CANNOT BRING MY WIFE TO JUSTICE! THAT IS WHY I NEED THE HELP OF A **MORTAL**! GO TO THE POLICE---TELL THEM ABOUT MY MURDER AND DEMAND THAT THE CASE BE RE-OPENED! ONCE MY WIFE IS FACED WITH THIS NEW CHARGE, SHE WILL BREAK DOWN AND CONFESS---OF THAT I AM CERTAIN!

OKAY---SUPPOSE I DO? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?



BEHIND THIS PANEL IS \$5,000! I HID IT THERE A FEW DAYS BEFORE MY DEATH, KNOWING THAT IT WOULDN'T FALL INTO HER HANDS! THE MONEY IS YOURS---IF YOU PROMISE TO DO AS I ASKED!

IF THE DOUGH IS THERE LIKE YOU SAY, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!



**M**OMENTS LATER, WHEN ADAMS TORE AWAY THE THIN PANELING---

IT'S HERE ALL RIGHT--**FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS!**

THEN YOU WILL DO AS I SAY---YOU MUST! WASTE NO TIME---TAKE THE SOUTH ROAD FROM HERE TO THE TOWN CALLED CLARKSVILLE! THAT IS WHERE SHE LIVES! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO---**FAREWELL!**



LOOK, GAINES---HE'S DOIN' A REAL FADE-OUT! HOW ABOUT THAT?

CUT THE COMEDY, ADAMS---WHAT ABOUT THAT PROMISE YOU MADE HIM? YOU KNOW WE CAN'T GO TO THE POLICE!



THAT WAS ONLY A **STALL**, STUPID! OF COURSE I'M NOT GOING TO THE POLICE, BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T VISIT THAT SPOOK'S WIFE!

WHAT?









RIGHT NOW I'M KINDA ANXIOUS TO MAKE THE BORDER! I NEED A FAST CAR, AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES! I'D APPRECIATE IT IF **YOU'D** DO THE SHOPPING FOR ME!

I... I UNDERSTAND! BUT I'LL DO EVEN **MORE!** SUPPOSE I GO **WITH** YOU?



I'M NOT THE NOSEY TYPE, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF **BOTH** OF US WOULD DO BETTER BY GETTING OUT OF THE COUNTRY! MY HUSBAND WAS AN OLD FOOL AND BORED ME STIFF! **YOU'RE** MORE MY TYPE!

YOU CAN SAY THAT **AGAIN**, BABY! SURE, WE COULD HIT IT OFF **SWELL!**



**L**ATE THAT SAME EVENING...

WELL, EVERYTHING'S SET, HANDSOME! THE NEW CAR WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE MORNING, ALONG WITH THE OTHER STUFF! BY TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

NICE GOING, KARIN... YOU'RE PLAYING BALL A LOT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!



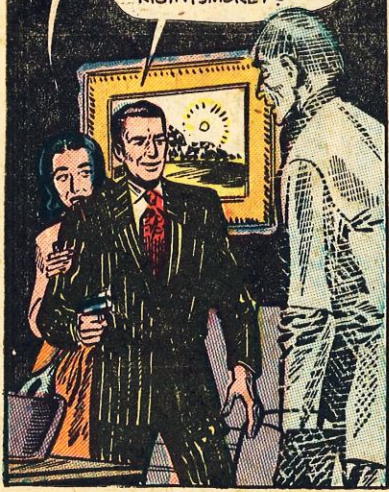
WE'RE GONNA GO PLACES, US TWO! YOU STICK WITH ME AN'---

**N...NO! LOOK!**



IT---IT'S MY HUSBAND ---**ORVILLE!** H---HE'LL KILL US!

THIS SPOOK CAN'T HARM A FLEA, BABY---HE TOLD ME SO HIMSELF! THAT'S WHY HE HAD **ME** COME AFTER YOU! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SMOKEY?



THERE IS NO NEED FOR **ME** TO HURT YOU---EVEN IF I COULD! IT HAS BEEN BEEN DONE FOR ME--- IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL BE **DEAD!**

**ME? ...DEAD?**

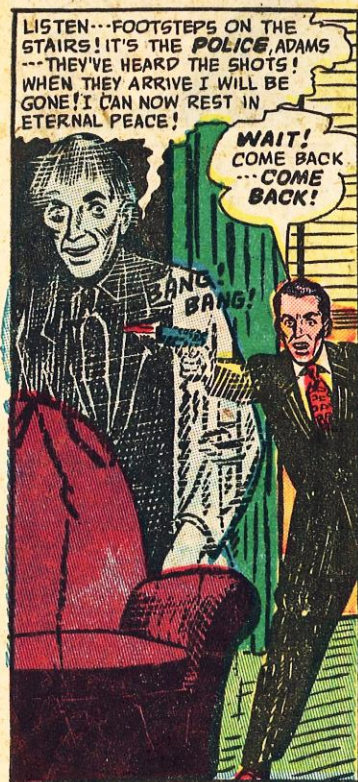


YOU FORGOT ABOUT **HER**, YOU FOOL! SHE'S **POISONED** YOUR DRINK---PLANNED TO KILL YOU, JUST AS SHE **MURDERED** ME!

**POISONED ...MY...**









# "TRUE" Zombies & History

OF ALL LEGENDS ABOUT ZOMBIES, NONE IS MORE FASCINATING THAN THAT OF HUGO ORMSBECK, THE DREAD ALCHEMIST WHO IS SAID TO HAVE PRACTICED THE BLACK ARTS OF WIZARDRY IN THE SMALL TOWN OF ASCHA IN THE BAVARIAN FOREST DURING THE EARLY HALF OF THE 13TH CENTURY-- IN THE DARKEST OF THE DARK AGES!

NO ONE KNEW FROM WHENCE HUGO HAD COME, OR WHERE HE HAD LEARNED HIS STRANGE SECRETS! ALL THAT THE TOWNS-PEOPLE KNEW WAS THAT HE WAS CONSTANTLY AT WORK IN THE SHOP WHICH NO ONE DARED ENTER!



INSIDE--A HORRIBLE SIGHT--

AT LAST-- BY THIS FINAL EXPERIMENT--I HAVE ACHIEVED IMMORTALITY! DEATH IS NOT FOR ME-- FOR I SHALL RETURN TO LIFE AFTER I DIE!

LILI-- MY LILI! HE'S KILLED HER!



OCCASIONALLY, A MAIDEN OF THE VILLAGE WOULD VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY, BUT NO ONE HAD THE COURAGE TO ACCUSE HUGO-- UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY IN OCTOBER, 1239--

A SCREAM-- FROM HUGO ORMSBECK'S SHOP! COME, LET US LOOK THROUGH HIS WINDOW, AND SEE WHAT THE OLD DEVIL IS UP TO!

IT... IT SOUNDED LIKE MY LILI'S VOICE-- SHE'S BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS NOW!



LED BY THE REVENGE-CRAZED FATHER, THE TOWNSMEN BURST INTO THE SHOP!

KILL HIM IF HE RESISTS!

FOOLS-- I WILL NOT RESIST! KILL ME IF YOU WISH-- IT DOES NOT MATTER!





AT THE TRIAL OF HUGO ORMSBECK, WHICH ANCIENT RECORDS INDICATE WAS HELD ON NOVEMBER 2ND, 1239--



THE NEXT DAY, AS THE CONDEMNED MAN'S LAUGHTER FADED AWAY OVER THE TOWN SQUARE--



I WILL REST EASIER WHEN SIX FEET OF HARD-PACKED EARTH COVER THIS FIEND!

SO? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SIX FEET-- OR EVEN A THOUSAND FEET -- CAN HOLD A SORCERER WHO HAS LEARNED THE SECRETS OF LIFE AND DEATH?



THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S QUESTION PROVED PROPHECIC-- FOR 13 WEEKS LATER--



BUT INSTEAD OF A MOLE--



PARALYZED WITH TERROR, THE MAN STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT-- TO WITNESS THE APPEARANCE OF HUGO ORMSBECK, ZOMBIE!



HE TURNED TO RUN-- BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!





**A**N HOUR LATER, AT THE HOME OF THE JUDGE WHO HAD SENTENCED HUGO ORMSBECK TO DEATH--



**A**FTER WREAKING HIS REVENGE, THE ZOMBIE WENT ON A MURDEROUS RAMPAGE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF THE TOWN -- AND IN HIS WAKE LAY DEATH!



**I**N THE MORNING, THE FEARFUL TOWNSPEOPLE GATHERED TO DISCUSS THE MURDERS IN HUSHED TONES--

**NOW** WE KNOW WHY HUGO ORMSBECK LAUGHED AT THE GALLOWES-- HE HAD LEARNED THE SECRET OF LIFE AFTER DEATH, AND KNEW THAT HE WOULD RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

**YES-- TO SLAY US ALL, ONE BY ONE!**



**T**HAT NIGHT, THE DOORS AND WINDOWS OF EVERY HOUSE WERE TIGHTLY BOLTED AND SHUTTERED-- WHILE THE INHABITANTS CROUCHED WITHIN, IN TERROR OF THE THING THAT STALKED OUTSIDE!



**B**UT LOCKED DOORS COULDN'T STOP A ZOMBIE ARMED WITH THE SUPER-NATURAL POWERS OF THE LIVING DEAD!





**T**HE TOWNS-  
PEOPLE DE-  
CIDED TO FLEE  
FROM ASCHA AND  
THE TERRIBLE  
DEMON THAT  
STALKED AT  
NIGHT! BUT  
ONE MAN, BLACK-  
SMITH KASPAR  
BLÜCHER,  
STOPPED  
THEM FROM  
HEADLONG  
FLIGHT--

WE MUST NOT ABANDON OUR HOMES  
TO THE FURY OF THE UNDEAD! WE  
CAN AND MUST ANSWER HUGO  
ORMSBECK WITH AN EVEN  
**GREATER FURY!** LEGENDS  
TELL US THAT THE LIVING  
DEAD STALK ONLY AT NIGHT,  
AND ARE POWERLESS IN  
THE LIGHT OF DAY! SO  
**NOW IS THE TIME TO  
STRIKE! FOLLOW ME--  
TO THE GRAVEYARD!**

**H**EARTENED BY THE WORDS  
OF THE FEARLESS BLACK-  
SMITH, THE TOWNSPEOPLE  
FOLLOWED HIM IN A GRIM  
PROCESSION!

BE OF STRONG HEART--  
AND LET US **DIG UP  
HIS COFFIN!**



**A**FTER THE GRISLY EXHUMATION--

HIS BODY IS AS IT  
WAS IN LIFE! TRULY  
HE IS ONE OF THE  
LIVING DEAD!

YES, BUT THE  
LIVING DEAD  
CAN BE KILLED  
AGAIN-- BY A  
**WOODEN STAKE  
THROUGH THE  
HEART!**



HOLD THAT  
STAKE  
STEADY!



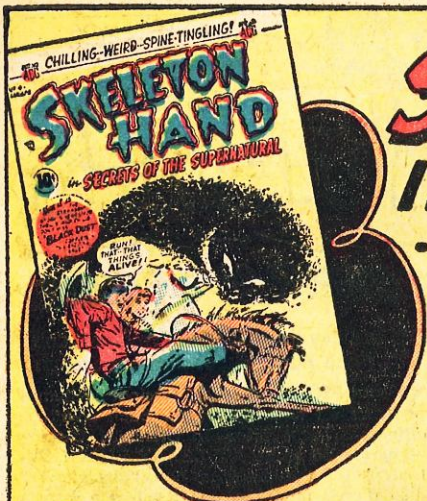
**LOOK!  
HE'S  
BECOME--A  
SKELETON!**

YES, HUGO ORMSBECK WILL STALK  
THE EARTH NO MORE-- FOR HE  
IS NOW ONE OF THE **DEAD**  
INSTEAD OF THE UNDEAD!



The  
End





# It's **NEW**...

## IT'S SPINE-TINGLING ...IT'S Different!

# SKELETON HAND

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

**CHILL AND THRILL TO STRANGE MYSTERIES FROM BEYOND  
LIFE ITSELF, BROUGHT TO YOU IN THE STIRRING  
PAGES OF A GREAT NEW COMICS MAGAZINE!  
DON'T MISS**

# SKELETON HAND

**10¢** ON  
ALL  
STANDS.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED  
BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF  
MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

OF ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published Monthly at Canton, Ohio, for October  
1st, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 1250 Camden Ave. S. W., Canton 6, Ohio; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 1250 Camden Ave. S. W., Canton 6, Ohio; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per-

cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)



BOYS! GIRLS! MOTHERS! DADS!

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hammad shrine.



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time.



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Famous bull  
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American Repub-  
lic.



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teresting scene of  
tribal native  
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THIS MOST FASCINATING OF ALL HOBBIES

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- 4 Special Watermark Detector; how to use.
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Now it's EASY for YOU to get started. Right WITH the 221 Free Stamps described above we will send you a Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit. If you decide to keep it, the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR. But if you DON'T think it's the biggest bargain you ever saw, simply send it back—and we'll refund your dollar AND YOUR POSTAGE, TOO! Could any offer be fairer?

The Outfit contains the five items listed and shown at left . . . EVERYTHING YOU NEED to get started on this exciting hobby. You'll have fun and excitement starting a collection that can grow in value for the rest of your life!

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Mail coupon and \$1 now. The complete Outfit—with the 221 Free Stamps and other interesting offers — will be sent to you for a week's examination. Unless you're delighted with your bargain, return it—and we'll promptly refund your dollar and your postage, too!

You don't risk a single penny. You get a tremendous bargain, so mail coupon RIGHT AWAY. If coupon has been used, send \$1 DIRECT to

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Valuable set issued by German-occupied France to get French volunteers to fight Soviet Russia. This set—now obsolete—is yours FREE while supply lasts even if you do NOT keep the Collector's Kit!

LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. AAG-3  
Littleton, New Hampshire

Send me, FREE, the 221 foreign stamps—guaranteed all different—guaranteed Standard Catalog price over \$5.00. Also send me FREE, the set of ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS while supply lasts. Also send for 7 days' examination the Complete Stamp Collector's KIT containing the 5 valuable items described at left.

I enclose \$1 as a deposit. After 7 days' examination, I may return everything (except the ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS which I may keep FREE) and you will return my dollar—AND my postage. Or I will keep the kit and the 221 FREE STAMPS, and you may keep my dollar as payment in full.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

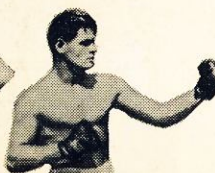




"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."  
—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."  
—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."  
—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."  
—T. K. New York

# I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN** Let me prove I can do it for you!

## All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day —"Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

### From Weaking to a Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weaking to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

J. W., Montana

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"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

J. N. H., British West Indies

### Makes Track Team— Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

E. M., Conn.

### Health 100% Better Through Dynamic Tension

"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—  
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition — prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

*Charles  
Atlas*

Holder of title,  
"The World's  
Most Perfectly  
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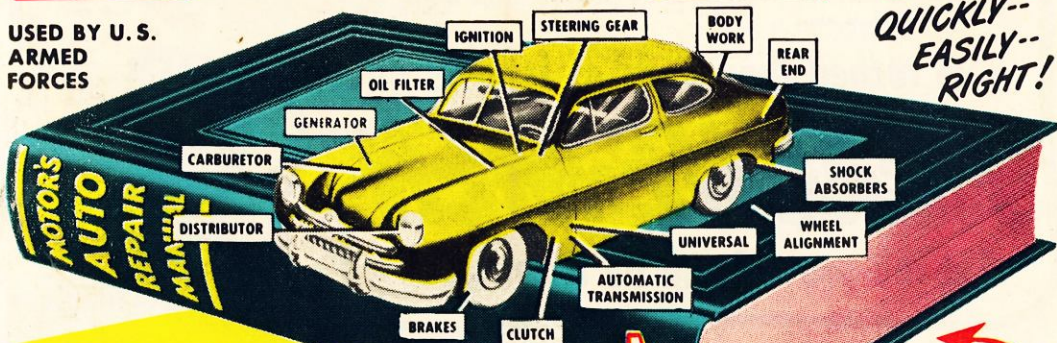
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